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The Lehigh Review



LEHIGH'S FOOTBALL PAST

By John M. Blackmar

THE ALL-TIME LEHIGH ELEVENS

Selected by George Trevor in the "New York Sun" of Feb. 22, 1927

Position	First Team	Second Team	Third Team	Fourth Team
Center	D. Balliet '93	J. Keys '95	W.W. Springsteen '24	C. R. Wylie '13
Guard	C. E. Trafton '96	R. K. Waters '06	S. S. Martin '10	L. W. Baldwin '96
Guard	W. Hoffman '25	W. D. Maginnes '20	F. R. Coates '90	G. Ostrom '17
Tackle	J. Spagna '20	E. A. Houston '95	W. W. Blunt '92	J. W. Dougherty '89
Tackle	W. F. Bailey '14	A. C. Cusick '23	L. B. Treat '10	J. C. Landefeld '05
End	G. Sawtelle '17	W. R. Okeson '95	F. Green '17	A. L. Dornin '03
End	P. R. Larkin '22	E. V. Burke '25	D. Emery '91	W. W. Brush '05
Quarter	V. J. Pazzetti '14	M. McClung '94	A. W. Chenoweth '16	S. J. Gass '98
Back	W. Hoban '15	V. de Wysocki '20	G. Ordway '94	S. D. Warriner '96
Back	W. Cahall '17	H. C. Hess '26	A. J. Farabaugh '04	M. Chamberlain '00
Back	A. K. Brumbaugh '09	W. C. Greer '25	P. J. Dashiell '90	J. C. Holderness '79

LEHIGH is on the upswing of the football cycle. It is unusual in gridiron history that one college dominates the football situation over a long period of time. A school may be represented for several successive years by high-grade elevens, but only on rare occasions does an Andy Smith develop a team such as his California outfit that campaigned successfully for five seasons or does a Knute Rockne impart football genius to an annually recurrent crop of first-class material and so mould a globe-trotting outfit that can work its will anywhere in the broad land and have its way for more than half a decade. It is inevitable and almost ordained that Notre Dame must sometime yield the American sporting sceptre; and 1928 holds an extreme likelihood that that very thing will transpire.

Generally pre-eminence in football is evanescent. A college basks in national

renown begot by its eleven but for a relatively short space. It is king for a day. With succeeding seasons the ephemeral glory is minimized, but it is regenerated and magnified, but it is re-into tradition. Witness Dartmouth's great 1925 machine with its Oberlander and Tully, to mention only a few of the integral parts, Center's "Praying Colonels" of 1919 with their Bo McMillan and Red Weaver, and Brown's "Iron Men" of two season's ago.

And so it has been on the South Mountain campus. Lehigh has had her bright years as well as her lean ones. Undergraduates matriculating in the wrong years are prone to forget this fact; alumni, however, recall "the good old days" and bemoan their Alma Mater as being "not what it used to be." They still have visions of those mighty Big Brown teams of '88, '89, '93, '02, '03, '07, '12, '14 and '17.

Football is an old pastime at Lehigh. The college was one of the first to adopt the sport. Princeton and Rutgers introduced the game to American colleges back on November 6, 1869. Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Penn, Wesleyan, Haverford and Lafayette also had recognized varsities when the Bethlehem institution fielded her first representative eleven in 1884.

In 1883 a pickup Lehigh team under the leadership of the "Father of Football on South Mountain," Jacob S. Robeson, had lost a 16-10 decision to a team of sophomores from the University of Pennsylvania after Robeson had induced them to come to Bethlehem. The game was played in a continuous rain in eight inches of mud before a crowd of three hundred, and Richard Harding Davis, the famous author, skirted end for the first score ever made by a Lehigh man.

It was in '84, however, that the first real schedule was played through and the school of Asa Packer's founding has been represented on the gridiron every succeeding fall for forty-four years. Four games, all of which resulted in defeats, were played, and three schools which even today are considered arch rivals, were met. Way back there in Lehigh's football Eocene lies the foundation of Lehigh-Lafayette rivalry, which now is traditional. The first recognized intercollegiate game for Lehigh was that between the two neighboring schools on October 25, 1884. The Leopards had had a team for several seasons and easily triumphed over their inexperienced visitors, 50-0.

The Lehigh-Lafayette series stands today as the longest in American football annals. It is not the oldest rivalry, does not quite cover the half century span that the Big Three matches do, but it includes the greatest number of games ever played between two colleges. In all sixty-one battles have been fought dur-

ing this forty-four year span. Only in one year, 1896, did the Brown and Maroon suspend relations; even the World War years could not interrupt the series. It was customary in those early years to play a home-and-home series. This was done annually, except in '91 when Lehigh won all three games played, until 1902, since which time one game a year has been the order. Mainly because of Lafayette's marked predominance in the last nine years, the Easton collegians enjoy a comfortable lead in victories. They have won 34 games to the Bethlehemites' 23; there have been only four ties. Besides their nine straight the Maroons have strings of four twice and one run of seven from 1898 through 1901, but over the 1890-1892 period Lehigh won six. Lehigh also had two reigns of three seasons' duration in the seven-year period from 1912 through 1918. It was in 1917 that one of Tom Keady's steamrollers ground out what still stands as the record score of the series, 78-0. In 1905 Lafayette accumulated fifty-three points, their high mark against the traditional rival.

To retrospect on that first season of 1884: A week after losing the inaugural to Lafayette, Rutgers, pioneer in football, took the Brown and White into camp 61-0. Lehigh improved in her third encounter, holding the Maroon to thirty-four while scoring once herself. Again it was the versatile Dick Davis, author, athlete and student leader, who accounted for his Alma Mater's first points in an official intercollegiate contest. The fourth and last game that year was a 36-12 victory for Haverford. On that first varsity were F. S. Smith, R. H. Davis, H. W. Frauenthal, J. S. Robeson, captain, W. Bradford, R. R. Hedley and C. M. Tolman, rushers; F. H. Knorr, quarterback; C. Davis, and J. M. Howard, halfbacks; and S. Voorhees, fullback.

The 1885 record shows a seven-game schedule and still no victories. But the musty figures reveal the rapid acceptance and development of the game at Lehigh, for the contests were noticeably closer and two resulted in draws, those against the Leopards. Penn won as it pleased in two encounters 54-0 and 35-0; Haverford won 24-8; Stevens, 20-4; and Rutgers, 10-5. The first Lafayette game was a scoreless tie affair, and the second, which concluded the season, ended 6-6.

The next year, 1886, is recorded as Lehigh's initial successful season. For the first time were the jubilant feelings that accompany victory experienced. Four wins, two stalemates and two reverses show as a result of the efforts of Captain Bill Pierce's eleven. Penn was triumphant in the curtain-raiser 26-4. Dickinson is credited with being Lehigh's first victim on the gridiron by 26-0. A scoreless tie with Stevens followed, and after that came a 12-0 defeat by Lafayette. The second half of the schedule marked Lehigh's rise as a power to be reckoned with in the football firmament. Stevens was beaten 14-0, and then the early Penn defeat was offset by a decisive 28-0 score, which signalizes Lehigh's first victory over a major opponent. Haverford succumbed 18-4, and then another non-scoring episode with the Eastonians completed the first season to which Lehigh men can look back with pride.

In 1887 Lafayette was beaten for the first time. Billy Corbin, was captain of that epic eleven, and Clarence Walker, a classmate, called signals. S. S. Martin, center, and J. P. Rafferty were the outstanding linemen. It was a peculiar season. For after opening with a 24-0 win over Swarthmore, Princeton piled up an 80-0 score, the greatest total any team has ever been able to tally against Brown and White elevens of forty-four years. Dickinson was taken over 20-0 before that memorable 10-4 success over the

ed by a procession and a general good Maroon on October 29.

Not only was the victory in itself significant, but the account in the "Burr" of the resultant merry-making is interesting to the present generation of undergraduates: "The spectators numbered at least 700. The scene at the close of the game was extraordinary; hats and canes flew promiscuously about. Cheer upon cheer rent the air, and the players were carried triumphantly off the field. In the evening the victory was celebrated by a procession and a general good time. The President, Dr. Coppee, Prof. Williams and several others were visited and made short speeches congratulating the team on the victory." Followed a hard-fought struggle in which the Red and Blue of Penn was lucky to come out unscathed 6-4. Lafayette equalized with a 6-0 win, after which Lehigh travelled to Ithaca there to climax the season with 38-0 rout of Cornell, the fourth victory in seven starts. The first frosh game with Lafayette dates back to '87, Lafayette winning 10-0.

Eighteen hundred eight-eight ushered in an epoch of which there is no parallel in Lehigh gridiron archives. In six years three of the greatest Brown and White teams of all time placed Lehigh's name before the American public as only something exceptional can gain recognition for a small college. From 1888 to 1893 inclusive, Lehigh won 43 games, lost 24 and tied two. Averaging more than eleven games a season, they played .638 ball—an enviable record for any college over such a long period.

Ten out of twelve games were won in '88. Princeton and Penn marred the record, but double victories over Lafayette and Swarthmore, signal victories over Bucknell, Penn State and Rutgers, and just ordinary clear-cut margins over Haverford, Stevens, and Cornell enhanced that record. The Bucknell final returns

read 74-0 and at least thirty points were registered against both the Scarlet and the Nittany Lions. By defeating both Lafayette and Rutgers Lehigh won its first Middle Three championship. The fact that in only four of the twelve games was Lehigh scored upon testifies to the impregnability of the seven ingots who comprised the Steel City team's forward wall, three of the mainstays of which were Delevan Emery, a great end, C. H. Detweiler and Rafferty, giant "rushers" of the bone-age. Walker was captain and quarterback, but Corbin and Sam Warriner, the halfbacks, were the big ground gainers. The former led in scoring; he made sixty-eight points as a result of seventeen touchdowns.

Champions of Pennsylvania is the title accorded the '89 outfit. Captained by Warriner, who since his undergraduate days has become a leader in industry, directed strategically by Walker, who was still in college, and aided materially by dashing Paul Dashiell, a post graduate, Lehigh rolled up 358 points in thirteen contests. This still stands as the highest total ever accumulated by a Big Brown team. There were 89 points made by the opposition, but no team, not even Princeton or Penn, who administered the three sole lickings, could score more than sixteen. The 6-4 victory of Penn was more than offset by the 8-0 decision exacted by their upstate rivals in the return game. Ties with Lafayette and Wesleyan were the only other blemishes. Numbered among Lehigh's eight victims were Haverford, Johns Hopkins, University of Virginia, Columbia, Penn State, Navy, Penn and Lafayette. And the drubbing which State took that year is noteworthy of mention. Lehigh won 106-0, the only time the century mark has ever been surpassed by a Bethlehem team. Besides the backs named, the

personnel included Pete Balliet, Lehigh's greatest center, a meticulous passer and a devastating charger, who "prepped" on the South Mountain campus for two years of sparkling play later at Princeton, where he has been accorded a position on the fourth all-time all-star Princeton eleven, "Pants" Coates and Billy Blunt, third team all-time Lehigh linemen, A. K. Resese, G. C. Hutchinson, Rafferty, Detweiler and Emery.

Only seven of the thirteen games in 1891 were won, but Billy Blunt's team defeated the opponents that counted and so won the gonfalon inscribed "State League Champions." Bucknell was swamped 62-4, Penn State and F. and M. were outscored, and the three game series with Lafayette enabled the Bethlehemites to add three more to their list of victories over the Maroon besides clinching the championship of the Middle Three. Blunt and Houston, tackles, bore the brunt of the forward play, and McClung and Ordway were the backfield aces. It was "Romeo" Houston, a raw-boned, powerful farmboy, who accomplished his line tasks in an awkward unorthodox manner, who caused Heffelfinger, regarded by experts as the paragon among all guards of all time, to bellow out during the Yale game: "Who in hell taught this farmer to play football?"

The following season, that of '92, was the most unsuccessful of this six-year period, yet Lehigh won four out of ten games, breaking even with Lafayette. McClung was captain in his junior year, and Ordway and Houston were the best veterans. One newcomer, Curt Trafton, was at left guard, and he was destined before he was graduated to make his mark at his chosen Alma Mater. Thirty

(Continued on Page 44)

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE FOR?

By Dean C. M. McConn

The following article comprises a considerable part of the second chapter of Dean McConn's recent book called **College or Kinderg-arten?** The succeeding chapters discuss such questions as, Who ought to go to a Real College? What should be taught? How should they live? Coeducation? How about "Activities"? Athletics? Who ought to be professors? Who ought to rule the college?

IN college catalogues the names of the students usually come last; and in many of the older books on college problems the chapter or section dealing specifically with the **student body** was similarly placed.

In the newer books, however—Mr. John Palmer Gavit's **College**, for example, and Mr. Percy Marks's **Which Way Parnassus?**—this situation is emphatically reversed. In answer to the question which stands at the head of this chapter these writers very nearly shout:

For the students!

This seems at first like a notable discovery; and in one sense it is obviously—even platitudinously—true; that is to say, the college certainly exists for the students rather than for the trustees, the president and deans, the faculty, or even the alumni. But to Mr. Gavit, Mr. Marks, and others who join in the same chorus, **the students** evidently mean the whole of the typical student body as commonly constituted at present, including, and apparently including especially, that large contingent whose ideals are so joyously—and accurately—expressed in the excellent song which runs:

We all came to college,

But we didn't come for knowledge,

So we'll raise hell while we're here.

From my old-fogy, academic point of view that answer does not get us very far. In seeking to determine the primary and fundamental purpose of the college, we must, it seems to me, go beyond even the students—whether that term be used in its present inclusive sense

or with the older, narrower meaning which implied some connection with studies.

The college is an institution, and like every other institution has been established and is maintained by society to accomplish some result which in the view of the social group, or some considerable part of the group, is held to be necessary or advantageous. We must inquire what this result is which the community seeks from the college.

Perhaps I shall put my meaning across most quickly by taking some analogous institution as an example. Let us choose the medical school. Does the medical school exist fundamentally for the medical students? Obviously not. The purpose of society in supporting medical schools is only incidentally to train a few favored individuals for a highly lucrative profession. The broader, primary purpose is to provide the community with an adequate, continuing supply of learned and skillful physicians. The buildings, the laboratories, the professors, and the students are only instrumentalities from the standpoint of this primary social objective.

In the case of the medical school this fact is patent to all; and the common sense of the community accordingly approves the extremely rigorous policy which medical faculties adopt towards their students—approves the pointblank rejection of any candidate for admission who has not demonstrated his aptitude for medical studies by marked proficiency in his pre-medical biology and chem-

istry; approves the prompt exclusion later of any student who exhibits either dullness or laziness; and approves putting the whole group through an extremely arduous course of training, whether they like it or not. Let me repeat: in the case of the medical school the community perceives the social purpose, and therefore recognizes that the student, no less than the professor, is only a means to the social end, and has no rights and is entitled to no privileges except those which his fitness to that end may give him.

Parallel social purposes are apparent for the other professional schools—law, theology, engineering, dentistry, pharmacy.

How is it for the college of liberal arts? Surely there must be some recognized communal need underlying an institution for which whole states tax themselves so heavily, to which men of wealth and also of approved judgment and public spirit donate so many millions. It is curious—is it not?—that it is somewhat difficult to say offhand, in the case of the arts college, just what the social purpose is. But we must find it, first of all. Until this point is clarified there is little use in talking about the students or the faculty or the alumni or athletics or fraternities or entrance requirements or curricula or anything else. On the other hand, once we have correctly defined the social purpose, everything else should follow from that as clearly as it does in the case of the professional schools.

When the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay, only six years after their landing in Boston Harbor, moved to establish at "Newtown" an institution which at first they called simply **the College**, they had a very definite community purpose, which they were able to express with sufficient clearness:

"After God had carried us safe to

New-England, and wee had builded our houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, rear'd convenient places for Gods worship and settled the Civill Government: One of the next things we longed for, and looked after was to advance **Learning** and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches, when our present Ministers shall lie in the Dust." (*New England's First Fruits*, 1643.)

The maintenance of a learned "Ministry for the Churches—if we could attain a similar singleness of purpose for the college of to-day, how quickly our problems would unravel!

The simple, concrete objective expressed in this quotation remained valid for Harvard College for perhaps two hundred years; and a similar conception and purpose motivated the establishment of the other Colonial colleges, and of many less famous institutions which came to be set up later in the New West developing in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. The trustees and faculties—if not the students—of some of these obscure Middle Western Harvards could probably subscribe even now to the above formulation.

But as time went on and wealth increased and religion decayed, as American life was progressively secularized, this original purpose of the colleges has naturally faded for the most part out of view. It has become incidental everywhere and in most institutions obsolete, and other purposes have taken its place.

Unfortunately these newer purposes have never been formulated with any such definiteness and clarity as the original conception attained. We have had many formulations from individual educators, and several collective and official pronouncements from faculties, as to what the purpose, or purposes, of the present arts college **ought** to be, but very little analysis of what the objects actually are in the unexpressive mind of

the community which maintains the colleges by supplying them with funds and students.

Such an analysis I am about to attempt. And since the reader may ask, very pertinently, how I am qualified to speak on this difficult point, let me say that for something over fifteen years I have held administrative positions in which it has been a part of my official duty to spend many hours each week talking with candidates for admission to college and their parents. The parents are frequently quite expansive as to their motives and desires, and some of the students scarcely less so. The following summary of the reasons which bring the young men and women of to-day to college, and the reasons (not always the same) which induce their parents to send them, is based therefore on some tens of thousands of interviews, often extended and intimate, with actual youngsters and actual parents.

Of course the motives vary greatly in detail and emphasis, and are frequently mixed; but there are three leading purposes which are clearly distinguishable and under which practically all the minor motives can be subsumed. I shall call them:

- (1) The bread-and-butter purpose;
 - (2) The superkindergarten purpose;
- and—

- (3) The culture purpose.

(1) **The Bread-and-Butter Purpose.** I put this purpose first because it is the one of most frequent occurrence, especially in the minds of parents; perhaps also in the minds of the students themselves, though of this I am not so sure.

The vast majority of those fathers who put up anywhere from \$800 to \$2,000 a year to keep a boy or a girl at college "make this sacrifice"—I quote a phrase which I often hear from their own lips—with one definite object consciously in view; namely, that the boy shall thereby

be enabled to make in the future a better livelihood, a larger salary, bigger money, than he would otherwise be likely to earn—and, it is frequently added, a better livelihood than Dad himself has been able to make; and that the girl shall become economically self-sufficient until marriage, and, if necessary, afterwards.

In other words, the social purpose of the college of to-day, as conceived by the majority of the clientele which sends students to its campus and pays fees into its treasury, is no longer to provide a ministry of any kind for the community, but rather to afford special privilege and a differential advantage in the economic struggle to those few, including themselves, who may be shrewd and thrifty and enterprising enough to seize the opportunity presented.

(2) **The Superkindergarten Purpose.** The second purpose is more difficult to designate satisfactorily and more difficult to explain. It is seldom formulated, in the paren's mind or in the student's, with anything like the clearness with which, in the former case, the bread-and-butter motive is held. It is easily distinguishable, however, in certain instances; the number of which is smaller than for the bread-and-butter motive, but nevertheless considerable, especially in the East, and at present rapidly increasing both East and West.

The parties concerned, where this purpose operates, are economically superior to the bread-and-butter motive. The boy does not have to learn a trade or profession; he will be taken, in due course, into Dad's business, or, if he does not care for that particular line, Dad will set him up in almost any other business he may eventually select. As for the girl, she will marry, and marry well. But in the meantime there they are, the boy and the girl. The lower schools have graduated them and turned

them out. The boy is too young as yet to be of any real use in business, and the girl too young to marry—or at least mother thinks so. What to do with the next lap of their young lives? Why, obviously—send them to college.

Not that either the boy or the girl—in the typical case—has any strong inclination toward further studies; nor do Dad and Mother for a moment suspect them of any such idiosyncrasy. But college is such a safe and reputable place to take care of them for the next four years. They will be looked after somewhat. Not nearly as well as they should be—not as in a good preparatory school. Still there are deans and advisers and professors and sometimes preceptors or tutors, to take the place in part of the preparatory school masters. And there is athletics, to develop their bodies, and, it is asserted, their moral character. And the fraternities, which add somewhat to any one's social prestige, and lead to friendships with other eligible young people, which may be worth while in the future both socially and financially. And, of course, it will not hurt the children to have some further work in English and history and languages and the like; a little more French or German would come in handy on the next trip abroad; they may even take courses in Investments or Corporation Finance which might conceivably be really useful. Besides, it is quite economical. Of course their allowances will have to be large; but at that they will spend less than they would playing around in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago or San Francisco—and have better associates, and be less likely to get into serious scrapes. And, finally, everybody's doing it; Jones at the Country Club is always bragging about his boy at Princeton, and Mrs. Smith disturbs every game of bridge she plays with lugged-in references to her daughter at Bryn Mawr. And it will be

so nice to have the boy eligible for the University Club. College it is!

In short, the social purpose of the college, from the standpoint of this considerable and influential section of its constituency, is that of a superkindergarten, to take care of a group of older babies, who have progressed, in their amusements, from rattles to rah-rahs.

I believe the analogy with the kindergarten to be quite accurate and complete. The kindergarten—I do not, of course, refer to any public institution, but to the reputable private kindergarten—is a place where a selected group of nice children are: (1) carefully tended, amid cheerful and esthetic surroundings; (2) kept constantly amused with healthful games of alleged educational value; and (3) given some modicum (but not too much) of actual instruction. This is exactly what the parents of these older children here in question, and the children themselves, desire to get and do get from the colleges.

(3) The Culture Purpose. There is, finally, a small group of parents—in my fifteen years I have not met many of them, but occasionally one encounters a specimen—who have carried over from some earlier tradition a notion which they are quite likely to call "culture." Probably they were young about the time when Matthew Arnold was lecturing in the United States or at least when the reverberations of his lectures were still loud. They often have his phrases at the back of their minds: "sweetness and light"; "an acquaintance with the best that has been known and thought in the world"; "a liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind"; "the study of perfection"; and "making reason and the will of God prevail." And with these things in their heads they send their sons and daughters to the college of the stadi-

(Continued on Page 40)

MOTIVES

BY PETER SLANE

The Strange Case of My Friend Hoffman

IT has been stated so often that it has even ceased to be a platitude; it is now simply an axiom. I am referring to this little saying about women—that it is impossible to understand a woman, and especially for a man to do so. But why limit it to the one sex? For my part, I think it is perfectly obvious that it is impossible for any human being to understand any other human being—man, woman, or child. Every person is a mystery not only to others, but even to himself or herself. A man and woman can go through life and to the grave together and still be strangers to each other. We are all creatures of instinct, passion, whim, caprice, and a little, such a little, reason; and why we do this or that is usually a mystery to ourselves.

Now there is the case of my friend, Hoffman, for example. I don't know whether you are acquainted with him or not, but he is a down-town lawyer who is just beginning to make a name for himself in the profession. He is not only a good lawyer but a good mixer too; whether in the court room, drawing room or club room he makes friends. And it isn't any wonder, for he is as fine a looking fellow as one would wish to meet; a pleasant faced man of about twenty-nine summers with fine brown eyes, curly, brown hair, and a small military moustache which gives him quite a distinguished air. Anyone who knows him would place him instantly as a normal, sensible-minded young American without a single mental peculiarity. And yet—well, you will see in a moment what I am driving at.

For quite a while he was engaged to June Whitman. Perhaps you know

her, the daughter of old Whitman, the banker. She is pretty, only I always thought she was too much of the dimpling, ingenue type to be truly interesting. Well, it's a good thing tastes differ.

Hoffman loved her, or at least he thought he did. And he acted like a man in love; seldom came to the club, and it was almost impossible to get him out on a little stag affair. They were to have been married two years ago this last June, and it was expected to be one of the big events of the month. So, of course, there was all kind of gossip floating around when the thing was suddenly called off. Naturally, by little indirect methods all women know, she let it be understood that she was responsible for the break, and as Hoffman never voiced an opinion, everybody accepted her hints as truth.

However, I know better. One night at the club after all the others had left, Hoffman and I were sitting in front of the log fire toasting our shins, and he told me all about it—or at least he tried to. I can see him now, sprawled out in one of those big leather chairs, and as he talked, running his hand through his hair, a habit of his when he got into a thoughtful mood. I didn't ask for the explanation—that would never have done at all with Hoffman; he got on the subject himself in the course of the conversation.

"It's funny," he remarked, "how insignificant little things can change your entire opinion of a person."

I agreed, and he continued, "No one knows what ever came between June and me. I don't think even June knew herself." After that cryptic observation he

stopped for a moment.

Then abruptly he plunged directly into the middle of his explanation. "June and I went to a show one evening and afterwards dropped in at Child's for a sandwich. Just after we were served and were beginning to eat, a small voice at my elbow asked plaintively, "Paper, mister?"

"I looked up and there was the most comical little youngster you ever saw. A dilapidated cap several sizes too large, rags, patches, and dirt made up his exterior, yet shining out from underneath it all was the most pathetically eager little mite I have ever seen. The only thing clean about him were his lips and his eyes. The former were a moist red and as perfect as a girl's; the latter were a clear, pleading blue, and in all that dirt they fairly shone.

"For a moment he actually entranced me. I must have stared at him as though I were beholding an angel in disguise. So again in that clear, little voice he asked, 'Do you, mister?'

"That brought me back to this world of monetary values, and laughing, I reached in my pocket for some change. Then I glanced at June and something went cold inside of me. She was gazing at the kid with her lips curled up in absolute disgust at his rags and dirt. She wasn't pleasant to look at, I tell you. Something went cold inside of me. I had received an awful jolt.

"Well, I shook the sensation off as well as I could and handed the kid a whole handful of change in return for his paper. At that time I didn't appreciate the look of gratitude he gave me, but since then I have. It has become one of the sunniest memories I possess. When he had sped away probably to tell of his

luck to some comrade, June remarked with displeasure, 'I wouldn't think you would patronize a dirty little ruffian like that. He doesn't deserve it.'

"Then, as I kept silent she added, 'I really don't see why the management permits boys as filthy as he is to come in here.'

"The rest of the evening I was rather unsocial, I am afraid. I don't know whether she noticed anything peculiar or not—not that I particularly cared. About a week later I found a convenient excuse for a quarrel, and we broke off for good." He stopped abruptly.

I was dumfounded. "What, man!" I exclaimed at last, "You don't mean to tell me that you allowed a little thing like that to come between you? As a friend I won't say it, but some people would, to say the least, call you queer. Surely you have more of an explanation than that."

He ran his fingers softly through his hair a half dozen times before replying, as though he were groping for ideas and found it difficult. Then he began slowly, "Yes, I suppose it does sound crazy, and that was one reason why I kept it all to myself. But look here, it's just what I said a little while ago about small things changing your opinion of a person.

For a minute he studied intently his manicure. Then at last he continued hesitatingly, "I wonder if I can make you see. It was somehow this way. . . . for a single moment her social mask had unconsciously dropped off and let me see the real June Whitman beneath. And, as I say, she wasn't a pleasant sight either—not for a fiancée at least. But then there was more than that.

"Somehow, as I stared at her, I seemed to see, not only the evil latent in her, but I seemed to sense also the evil latent in all women. The words **siren, serpent, Lorelei** flitted through my mind. For a moment—a strange moment—I saw in her all those selfish, self-centered passions that have made women famous or infamous, as you please, throughout all history from Cleopatra on down. I saw her as the symbol of the eternal prostitute in woman which has inflamed all the evil in man and given us jealousy and

hate, conquest and war. All that I saw in a flash, and I instantly realized that—justly or unjustly—I hated her."

He stopped uncertainly, and then a little self-consciously asked, "Do you understand?"

Of course, I assured him that I did, but I sometimes wonder.

Anyway, as I remarked in the beginning, why limit this characteristic of unfathomable motives to the female of the species?

RONDEL

"El mons escus e tenks e tenebros"

Remembering April, and the glint of rain,
The world is dolorous and dark and waste,
Too filled with sorrow, old regrets and pain,
Too grey without you, and too scant of haste.

Now spring is gone, the winter's here again;
The naked earth, the snow, and branches laced
In ebon filigrees have one refrain—
The world is dolorous and dark and waste.

Though sun-soaked April should return again,
Not one of those good days may be retraced.
And yet, in lonely days now to be faced,
There is one gleaming vision I retain,
Remembering April and the glint of rain.

Marvin Sidney '29.



JOURNALISM AND LITERATURE

BY A. J. WIESNER, JR.

MORE! cries the avaricious American public. More! roar the all-devouring monster presses. More! shout the frantic, slaving editors. For the love of God! how much more? wail the thousands of finger-cramped writers.

The cry never ceases. Day by day—week by week—month by month—quarter by quarter—year by year. It grows more pleading. Appetites insatiable. Appetites growing.

Acres of paper are spread out over the country every day. More acres every Sunday. More acres every—well—more, more, and more. Newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, books—the stream is endless. Words, words, and more words. What about? Everything on God's earth, everything from baseness through mediocrity to a little, a very little, of the glorious; everything from crudeness to a little, a very little, of art; from lies, bombast and jargon to a little, a very little, truth.

The lower end of the scale is heavy—the upper end pitifully light and meagre. And a broad, almost unlimited expanse of mediocrity stretches between. But how could it be otherwise? The masses are the most avaricious, demanding far more than ever could be produced to satisfy their hunger. Mediocrity serves as chewing gum to hold them over to their next meal. Art has no chance to blossom forth—nor do they want it. The upper strata, who are the only ones that want art, are thin. But they cannot get it.

What chance is there for art when the yardstick is the sole criterion of value? Think of the horror of a Flaubert, or a Maupassant, or a Poe were the wild-

eyed editor to thunder at him—"On Monday, sir, at 8 o'clock sharp, you will submit your copy! And you may start thinking of your next—be sure to put lots of human interest in it—I will want that the following Monday." Picture the fastidious Flaubert, who paced the floor all through the night in a hot fever, crying, "My God! will it never come to me—that word—that one, right word!"

Art, lasting art, does not and cannot come at the mere behest of a frantic editor. A William Shakespeare may occasionally bring forth a "Merry Wives of Windsor" inside of two weeks when an impatient Queen Elizabeth commands; a Samuel Johnson may write a "Rasselas, Prince of Abbyssinia" within one week in order to drive starvation from his doorstep. But literature has produced only one William Shakespeare, and but few Samuel Johnsons. And besides, one week, even two weeks, is a long time in these days for the production of the bulk of our reading matter.

I have not greatly overdrawn the situation. America is a poorhouse when it comes to art and literature. And largely for the reason I have just pictured. Art seldom springs impromptu into existence. Art is the result of tedious, deliberate labor. America does not countenance tedious labor. America moves on swift wings. A passing glance, a grunt of approval, and the object is cast aside.

Of course, we have what we have. Page after page passes for literature. Some of it is good. Little of it is real literature. A great mass of what we call good has proceeded from men whose training was acquired in the broad field of journalism. But it is a

significant fact that the best of these men were journalists. I mean to say, their good stuff was not produced until after, often long after, they had departed from the swift-paced ranks of journalism, or rather, perhaps, of the newspaper. While they were journalists they did not write literature. Indeed how could they? The editor's cries ringing in their ears—the copy boys hanging at their elbows—a deadline glaring into their eyes—all forcing them into a fever, all placing the premium of quantity on their work. Haste is the arch enemy of art. Haste is an imperfect worker, and under it art cannot flourish.

These men wrote reams of stuff, but seldom literature. They wrote worthy stuff; entertaining stuff; sardonic stuff; satire. But to be entertaining and witty does not necessarily assure the title of literature. As for satire, it is easy to play the satirist. But satire is a low form of literary art. To build, to create—that is the pure function of art. Your moderns, Mencken, Lewis, Erskine and the rest, are satirists, and none of them come up to the standards of pure literature. And it is all largely because of the insistent demands that are placed upon them. They are importuned for an article here, an article there, another best seller. They are not permitted to work through the precepts of art. They are enslaved to commercial interests which play namby-pamby to the whims of the public.

The great Dr. Johnson, three centuries ago, when the newspaper was an infant in less than swaddling clothes, claimed that one reason Greek literature is immortal is because the Greeks had no newspapers; no weekly or diurnal periodicals that ordered material in haste. We may thank God, for the safety of our illusions as to the immortality of our own literature, that Dr. Johnson gave that as merely one reason. If it were the sole

reason, who would dare to conjecture on the fate of our literature when our world is swarming not only with weeklies and diurnals, but with thousands of dailies.

Now your true literary artists of modern times had little or nothing to do with journalism—nothing whatever to do with newspapers—or if they did they soon washed their hands of them. Thomas Hardy, John Galsworthy, Maupassant, Chekhov, Cabell, Conrad,—from the pens of these men flowed forth beautiful portrayals of life done in pure realism. But glance at the almost unending list of Americans whose school was the newspaper—Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin, John O'Hara Cosgrave,—scores of slaves to such as the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, Country Gentleman, Liberty, American. Entertaining and witty, to be sure. But nothing more. They are for the bored, the lazy, or perhaps the tired. They are for the thousands who shrink from the prospects of thought provoking literature. They are for the public who wants life, love, romance, thrills—vicariously, that is!

What is it that the newspapers and the great bulk of our magazines demand? Their demand is that of the avaricious public. It is a tremendous demand, one that devours the writers and that eats as a canker into their sense of literary values. Rank sentimentalism, bombast, ballyhoo, jargon—sex, sensation, stimulation—these are the qualities that must pervade their material. The newspaper man must seek out the human interest element. And this human interest element? It is bound up inseparably with those qualities listed above. Nothing else will do. The public refuses to think. It will be entertained. It wants its entertainment perfectly obvious and as satisfying as possible. For so long a time has its appetite been catered to that it has become a dope-fiend; it could not

live without its scandal, its sensation, yes, its vulgarity.

Now certainly I do not want to carry this too far. There are many who ache for something beautiful, and ennobling. And from the ranks of journalism have stepped forth those who could create. Even though Mencken and Lewis and Broun and Arlen and many others produce much that is no higher than satire and almost crude realism, they have contributed to the annals of real literature. Their contributions may die with them; their contributions may have died a few hours after their papers, their magazines, their books left the press. But nevertheless much of even that has been good and some things, like Dreiser's "American Tragedy" will not die.

These men, as I have said, received much of their training in the field of journalism. And now that they are out of it, that is to say, out of the swirling eddies of newspaper writing and common magazines, they are producing what is, at any rate, a close approach to real literature. In the swirling eddies they could not have been expected to produce literature. The pressure was too great. But they withdrew before it could have been said of them:—

"This, then, had been his destiny from birth—

To dessicate life's pageant to a phrase—
Pity and terror, hunger, madness, mirth
Congealed in "Man Shoots Five in Murder Craze."

He'd written poems once. He wrote no more.

His wits had chilled in stereotypes too long

To kindle now one glittering metaphor.
His pulse kept time to headlines, not to song.

It was a sorry business, none knew better,

And there were moments when he was more than half

Persuaded to shrug loose the ultimate
fetter. . . .

Save that he knew too well his epitaph,
And somehow could not stomach quite
the crass

Brutality of "Scribe Ends Life With Gas."

Periodical literature has not preserved much that we call great. A few examples there are, of course. The essays of Sainte-Beuve, "Causries de lundi" were published daily in the "Constitutional," and they remain with us as good literature. Likewise the exhilarating stories of Alphonse Daudet were produced to satisfy editors, and they are worthy literature. Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which appeared monthly in Russell Lowell's Atlantic also stands out as a permanent work. But there is not much more. And it is difficult to find today, in all the mass of printed matter, those things that have the merit to remain. Of course, it is also unreliable to trust the judgments of contemporaries on contemporary literature. It requires the passing of time to stamp the mark of approval or of disapproval upon literature. But we can hardly imagine that much of the enormous hodge-podge that is poured out every day can possibly remain.

But what then did the newspaper or journalism do for them? Benefits journalism did confer upon them, benefits from which profits were derived after they had extricated themselves from its demands. It gave them what is most invaluable to the literary artist—to any artist. It gave them contact with human nature. It put them in position to view the broad expanses of life, to see it all. There is no field that sends a man into so close a contact with other men and women. There is no opportunity so great to see the drama of life—its joys and sorrows, its comedies and tragedies, its lifes and deaths. The sonnet above tells it all:—

"Life's pageant to a phrase—

Pity and terror, hunger, madness,
mirth—"

He who would portray life, which is the function of the literary artist, must know life. And before the journalist, life is unrolled.

This seeing of life was enforced upon them as a habit. The journalist is compelled to observe. He can sit back in his chair and blow thick clouds of smoke into the air while he philosophises—but this after he has observed. The habit of minute observation is as vital to the journalist as are his habits of eating and sleeping. In fact, he could be minus food and sleep and remain journalist for a long time than he could remain journalist without the habit of observation.

There are other things journalism did

for these men who have approached literature. It has worked to fill them with disgust for jargon, for ballyhoo, for bombast, for rank sentimentalism. So long were they forced to discolor their own material with these things that reaction set in, and there dawned upon them a clear sense of values, and now they have learned to pare their literature of the degrading elements.

So that, even though journalism destroys the true literary sense when one exposes himself to it for too long a time, even though it encourages jargon and all those elements foreign to literature, yet it has something of great value to give. But care must be taken that one does not permit himself to become moulded into purely journalistic lines, for they are not the lines of pure literature.

RESURGAM

(For M. L.)

Rake up the dead leaves of your life, and Time,
That wrinkled gardener, will light the heap;
Throw branches on; withhold no twig to keep
Death's dusty altar strewn with last year's grime;
Bring poplar, pine, bring beech and oak, to climb
In smoke-wraiths when the red flames lunge and leap
Into the green, bronze sky. No sap will seep
From rotted wood, nor dryads haunt this crime.

Now turns the sky to gold, and black the trees
Are stretched in crooked rows. The stars that glow
Above the clean-swept earth will light no lees
Of spent springs' clotted nectar, nor the snow
Preserve their dust

But when the swift rain flies,
Some sudden dawn in spring, reborn arise!

Marvin Sidney '29.

ART AND LIFE

Marvin Sidney '29

THIS article is not intended to be either new or startling, nor will it pretend to offer the meaning of art or life. Yet, since it is to deal with art and life, one might be free to ask of it that it explain that of which it speaks. Admittedly, that cannot be done, and therefore, some leniency will be needed to accept it. Yet, it is not amiss to remind ourselves that nothing within our ken has ever been satisfactorily explained, and that our prime concern is nevertheless with the great unknowables. Of these, life is the first, and perhaps art may be the second.

There is a tendency, common among many men, to divide life into two separate worlds—the real and the unreal. In the first is placed matter—trees, chairs, people, ice-cream sodas, autos—and with it our direct thoughts concerning them. After this, comes the unreal world, in which lies the realm of the imagination. The world of the real we trust, and, if society is not to disintegrate, it may be necessary that we do so. But the realm of the imagination is regarded with a mixture of doubt and contempt, for it is ascribed to be the living place of dreamers, lunatics, artists, visionaries, and idiots—and no doubt it is. Yet it is highly possible that there may be little ground for a distinction between the reality of the mental habitat of the businessman and that of the artist.

As Berkely observed, about two hundred years ago, in his *esse est percipi* principle, we do not see, or hear, or feel the objects which seems to reside in the world of sense-perception, but we merely receive a collection of sensory data. For example let us take any object, such as an apple. We observe it and it presents to us a feeling of roundness, the sensa-

tion of red, yellow and green, and of a more or less shiny surface. To say that is the apple is as obviously unfair as it is for the next individual, who disagrees about the color, to say that he sees the apple. Now if the scientist were to analyze the chemical constituents of the apple, or to expostulate on the atomic construction, we would still be held in check by the fact that we were speaking of no object, but only a collection of sensory data. Berkely goes on to say that the objects owe their validity as real being to their being perceived by some mind. In other words, the reality of all things is determined by the common denominator of a mind, and not by position in what we will arbitrarily term the external world.

Bertrand Russell has restated this, in his "Philosophy," wherein he says, when confronted with an object, one ought to say, "certain images are occurring in a certain relation to each other, accompanied by a certain feeling." But this is equally true whether we observe a mixture of colors and dimensions, or whether we examine anything that comes to our consciousness. All are made real by the common denominator of mind, and by that only. Included in the working of the mind are reactions which are referred to as those of the imagination. Since thoughts, apple and imagination are recognized by their impressions on the mind, all are valid. Nor will vividness of impressions aid the material substances. Of course it may be true that the food you had at dinner yesterday seems more vivid than the dream you had last night, but most of us have experienced dreams so vivid we thought them "real." One may also note that

the creative artist, and for that matter, the day-dreamer too, can create a world of the imagination more vivid than the "real" world. Cabell has an intriguing chapter in "Beyond Life," in which he describes a library containing the "Collected Works" of David Copperfield, "Collected Essays" of Earnest Pontifex, and "The Works of Arthur Pendennis." From the standpoint of reality, this is no more plausible than a new book by John Galsworthy, and it may be a great deal more plausible. To many of us Pontifex, Copperfield, and Pendennis are much more real than Mr. Galsworthy. We know what they eat and what they say, and what they think; but of Mr. Galsworthy we know only that at times very fine books are published under his name. Reality, then, does not depend upon position in nature; the external world and the world of the mind are of equal reality; each is, as we may later see, an integral part of every individual.

As a matter of expediency, let us attempt to define art, even though the definition will not be altogether satisfactory. In so doing, there will be little difficulty with some works of art, such as Shakespeare and Michelangelo, but, when we leave the acknowledged classics, art objects will be used in the broadest sense, so that the term includes not only the music of Beethoven, the paintings of Da Vinci, the poetry of Keats, but also the whistling of a news-boy, the debts on the covers of contemporary magazines and the doggerel of Eddie Guest.

Upon these words, one naturally expects to hear the indignant mutters of those who feel that the fine-arts are being slighted by the company they are forced to keep. But the position hitherto stated cannot be changed. Among the art objects mentioned, there is a difference not of kind but of degree. All are not of equal value as art experience,

but all partake of a common factor which is the true aesthetic criterion.. Few of the people who enjoy the works of Shakespeare have been able, like Macaulay, to appreciate them at the ripe age of four years. Most of us, in reaching Shakespeare's art, have proceeded by slow stages, in which we began with the first reader, proceeded through Nick Carter, Alger, or Stratemeyer, thence by more important writers to the greatest in literature. And few of us have thrown our bottles away to cry for Beethoven. In short, we did not appreciate art in our cradles, nor did we receive a celestial enlightenment after a preparatory-school course in English Literature or the fifth installment of our piano lessons. In all that we read and heard we no doubt felt some little of the aesthetic pleasure.

All the objects to which we have agreed to apply the adjective art, possess the trait of being non-utilitarian. It does not follow, however, that all are objects must be non-utilitarian. An automobile might very easily be a marvel of mechanical ingenuity and at the same time be a piece of art; a magazine cover might conceivably be a fine example of decoration; and a comfortable chair might also be quite beautiful. Yet even in these cases, the art-qualities of the articles could be removed without changing the degree of material perfection. Art, then, may be temporarily defined as "that which is in addition to the mundane world." By the mundane world I mean the workaday life in which we must supply the needs of our bodies and maintain the complex social organization.

It is possible to object that this definition includes play, and any such objection could be easily sustained, for there can never be a clear discrimination between the two. Yet, there is some ground for demarkation, since in the experiencing of art, something is created,

while in play creation is not a necessity, and rarely occurs. If we work in a material medium we create in words, or clay, or sound; if we experience art only as part of an audience, we create in our imagination. Our definition of art now is "that which is in addition to the mundane world, and in the experiencing of which, something is created."

From the time of Plato onward, history records on the part of numberless individuals—intelligent and otherwise—an attitude of indulgence, disapproval or contempt at the mention of art. Even earlier, probably, though our pre-historic ancestors found some pleasure in contemplating the drawings which some of their number had made on the walls of the caves, they held no great opinion of art, or of the irrational creatures who created it. When it was necessary to slaughter wild animals for food, or to defend their homes against the ravages of invading forces, the artists were ordered to aid the women and children in gathering wood, while the "he-man" did the fighting. Today, that attitude has somewhat changed, and to a degree the indulgence, contempt, and disapproval have been supplanted by awe. The majority of people are afraid that they don't quite understand what the whole matter is about, and we are accustomed not only to deride, but also to respect what we do not understand. As a result, let one but say, "Man cannot live by bread alone," and there will be a lusty chorus of "Amen, Brother." All will cheerfully assent, with the mental provision that what we really mean is, "Man ought not live by bread alone"; all will determine to brush up on Milton, and one week later will slip back to "Detective Stories." Yet, strange as it may seem that a proverb is right, perhaps man, as we know him, cannot live by bread alone.

Formerly, you will recall, we tried to show that the external world, and the world of the mind, of which the imagination is a part, are of equal validity as real being. This imagination, bringing the mental creation of objects or events whose totality has hitherto been unexperienced, to the individual, is the prime factor in aesthetic reactions. Whenever the imagination is stirred, it is stirred by some form of artistic creation, that is, the re-creation of facts into something closer to our desires. Dogmatic as this may sound, it may nevertheless be true. Even though we be merely indulging in fantastic daydreams, we are going through much the same process that the artist has had in writing a book. Let us but provision the meal we are to enjoy shortly, and we undergo the same act of artistic creation. We are enjoying stories and pictures even as we would with a book or a canvas before us.

This art-producing imagination is an integral part of every human being, and we have no more right to assume that an individual can exist without it than we have to assume that an individual can exist without a heart. We assume that the heart is a vital part of the body because in all our experience we have never found a living person without one. It is likewise true that we can find no individual without good evidence of an imagination. The evidence lies in the are exhibited. From the crudest barbarian to the most civilized of contemporaries we can no more point to anyone who has lived without art than we can point to anyone who has lived without food. Both are essential to life. The savage has his colors, his dances, and a variety of rituals, all of which to some degree result in artistic enjoyment. Since there is no time here for a discussion of primitive art, the subject can be referred to Grosse, and Hirn,

where it can be verified. In contemporary life, the same universality of some form of artistic enjoyment is apparent. Whether this is found in dancing, moving-pictures, or in creating objects for the pure pleasure to be derived thereof, this holds fast. This universality extends even to mental defectives. Van Gogh, for example, one of the foremost of modern painters, did some of his best work while insane; and the institutions for the feeble-minded report that many of their patients reach a high development of artistic skill.

Since imaginative creation is a part of all functioning beings, art may be regarded as a necessary force in all of us. Yet, in our definition of art, we said it was "that which is in addition to the mundane world," or non-utilitarian. It would appear now that art is utilitarian, but in a far different sense than is commonly meant by the word. It possesses a kind of higher utility, the full exercise of which is necessary to the complete realization of the individual.

It is not meant by this that all of us have the same potentialities of imaginative experience, anymore than the fact

of universal intelligence of some sort, among human being connotes universal equality of intelligence. In passing it is well worth noting that there is not necessarily any parallel between imagination and intelligence. Little acquaintance with the lives of great artists is needed to establish the fact that there are many of them who possessed not much that would come under even the laxest definition of intelligence. On the other hand, many of the greatest of philosophical and scientific minds seem to have only atrophied imaginations.

Robinson, in "Mind in the Making," has said that each of us has far greater potentialities than we ever have the opportunity to develop. Art experience is one such potentiality, and a valuable one, for by it can new vistas be opened in each of us, and the individual reach the fullest and roundest development. To ignore it would be as foolish as to deny ourselves the use of our sight. But, above all, it can lead us to a greater participation in the joys of life, and, to any but a thorough Panglossian, that is no little thing.





IN DEFENSE OF THE COLLEGE MAN

By A. J. Wiesner, Jr.

THE college man is fast becoming weary of the struggle to lift his head above the smothering blankets of criticism that are being thrown over him from all sides. There is very little than he can do, anyway. The craze to make college synonymous with football and romance is growing even worse, despite the avalanche of criticism. Rules and regulations, child-discipline, mechanized education are all reaching larger proportions. The cries of protest from the men who seek the true education are made feeble in contrast to the loud vociferations of not only the other element within the college, but of the whole general, gullible, romantic public.

There are two main sources of criticism against the college. There is the academic criticism which is largely justified. This is directed chiefly at the American system of education, and it postulates such caustic questions as these: "Why go to college?" Is it possible to get an education even at college?" "College or Kindergarten?" This branch of criticism deplores the falling off of scholarship, of true educational aims; it laments the overstress on athletics and outside activities, the absence of intellectualism.

With most of this we are forced to agree. For almost four years we have had to suffer from the degradation in educational aims, from the mechanism of our educational system, from the void of intellectualism and ideals of truth and knowledge in college. Though we must admit that at times we are inclined to say "What the devil! There seems to be no chance for reform, unless we believe that because the situation is growing worse and worse it will compel reform. (Reform seldom comes until things have gone the limit, alas!) So let them go on and do what they damn please. It's probably their right anyhow."

But there is another source of criticism, and it is this source that gets beneath our skin. It is the crowds on the sidelines, outside of college, and they are a vindictive bunch. Among them are your oldtimers who, perhaps out of jealousy, have always been dead set against this higher education stuff. There are your everlasting crabs who have always been convinced that the world is going to the dogs and that the present generation is three quarters in the gutter. There is a flock of your preachers and tradition holders, immersed in their puritanism, fearful of science and progress, fearful of

their sacred traditions, certain that college and education in general are seeking to bring their pet beliefs and dogmas crashing to the ground.

And in the eyes of this crowd on the sidelines all the academic criticism against the present day collegiate systems means encouragement. They feel that at last support is coming to their side. "We told you so," they say. "This higher education is all the work of the devil."

Our self respect has been pricked to the hurting point. We have become sickeningly disgusted with the continued vituperations poured out against us. In short, we think it is high time we declared ourselves. And our first bone of contention with these self satisfied and fearful outsiders is over the charge made against the morals of the college man. You have heard it many times! "These college fellows! They strut their stuff; they are in the constant process of sowing their wild oats." Nine tenths of this is rot. The commonly held idea of the romance of college life is mainly responsible for the false indictment. The idea is forever depicted on the silly movie screen, blared out in headlines by a press wise to the gullibility of the public for everything sexy and romantic.

We say baldly—college men are more moral than non-college men. If for no other reason, and there are other reasons, they do not have the time to be as bad. Fellows at a college are kept pretty busy. The mechanism of our education compels it. It is true that the system, clogged as it is with rules and regulations, with demands that the student meet this test of facts and that test of facts, is all wrong for the purpose of true education. But this mechanism is necessary to meet existing conditions, to discipline the students who are at college for its romance, its athletics, its activities, for the training in manners that it offers. But the fact remains, students are busy.

When they have completed their round of classes, they have to spend their evenings preparing for the next round.

How is it with the mass of youth outside of college? Their working day is a round of monotony and drudgery. They finish their round of monotony at five o'clock, and with a sigh of relief turn to—what? Nothing to do? But youth cannot exist on inactivity. So what then?

Sex has been placed at the root of all human activity. "It is the fundamental aspect and element of human nature of all biological nature. As individuals we all exist in nature's plan, merely for the purpose of mating and producing other individuals to succeed us." It is impossible to talk about this in our own words, for it has filled so many volumes that however we put it we will be merely repeating some other's words.

Well? As a result of our association with hundreds of college men, and from association with hundreds of non-college men, we declare without a moment's hesitancy, that the college man is far above the outsiders. To begin with, the selecting sieve through which he has passed automatically places him on a higher plane. And at college he has so many requirements to meet, so many activities to engage his attention, so many paths for the sublimating of his sexual energies, that he is perforce, as a general rule, more highly moral. And to put it frankly and bluntly, where he is morally questionable, his training has given him the sense to be careful. Which cannot so often be said of the mass of outsiders!

And now as to the college man's religion. This is a particularly sore point. For it is here that the entire college, professors and students, suffer a severe drubbing by the outsiders, the churchly dogmatic outsiders being the most vindictive. These say that the college directs its energies toward knocking out the

props of religious faith immediately upon receiving young believers into their clutches, and that is not long afterwards that the student himself deliberately sets about to collect all the knowledge he can to ridicule religion.

Here we find ourself a bit perplexed. There is an iota of truth in the charge. A certain percentage of the professors and instructors, though invariably the young ones, are unsympathetic toward religion, and do not always understand the attitude of their young students. But we must come to the aid of these professors by saying that their attitude is forced largely through the narrowness and bigotry of the outsiders who do not have sufficient faith in their own faith and who are fearful lest they be made to acknowledge their feeble condition.

Now for the students. If these outsiders are under the impression that the student gleefully strives to knock the props out of his faith they are woefully ignorant. Few can be more painfully aware than we of the struggle encoun-

tered in trying to make an adjustment between original beliefs and the outstanding revelations that come as the student delves into the facts of science. How often we have been plunged into despair when we have discovered the inconsistency of our intimate sacred beliefs with the facts of science! We come with the belief in special creation. . . we learn of evolution. . . and it is seldom that the college man makes a transition without a struggle. . . seldom that he maliciously attacks what he once believed. . . unless such an attitude is forced upon him by bigotry and narrowmindedness in others.

These outsiders seldom have struggles. Therefore it is easy for them to talk. The reason is near the surface. Most of them know nothing of science. Intellectually they are lazy. It is easier for them to doggedly declare their faith than to try to look into truth and science. And they can save their self-respect by saying "Everything that contradicts my pet beliefs comes straight from the devil. Be damned him who listens to the devil!"

FOR NOVEMBER

There is no purpose in an autumn day
That comes, and lingers softly, and is gone,
And leaves behind in wanton disarray
Only a few dead dreams to think upon,
And some few thoughts the dying year recalls,
That come with lazy, fretful arrogance,
And roll the threnodies of other falls
Into a dull and dreary dissonance.

The spell of autumn's beauty is a dim
Confusion of a host of things long dead—
For autumn brings, as in a spiteful whim,
No hint of life, but acts for us instead
A show with puppets made of perished things—
Forgotten hopes, and unfulfilled desires—
And leaves us, as she slowly toys the strings,
To warm our hearts at long-extinguished fires.

Gabriel M. Oudeck, '30.

JUNGLE REVERIE

Erwin F. Underwood

Moonlight lay over the jungle, painting the glades a soft silver; catching gentle whispers from the leaves; hiding in deepest black the paths where great beasts roamed; glancing from the rippling muscles of a giant who sat cross-legged upon the ground, a huge drum between his knees, a drum which sent out deep searching notes vibrating in steady cadence over the forest, causing many a tall dusky warrior to listen a moment and then, bow in hand, to start in the direction of the sound.

Deep in the glade the warrior sat, and the great drum called in sobbing rhythm until full sixty warriors stood waiting before their chief. Then up rose the warrior, and in deep tones he began to speak while the men stood with bowed heads leaning on long bows and listened.

A cloud passed over the moon plunging all the glade in darkness, but still the voice went on. And then it ceased, and a silence passed upon the glade—a silence broken by a cry that swelled and rose; a cry that bore all the hatred and passion of an outraged heart, and then again the silence.

Then came the rising sun, and the jungle lay steaming in his view as he crossed his fiery path and sank below the forest, Zutag, the fire god, in whose sight the hunting beasts lay quiet, and the caravan toiled on while deep in the forest the dusky warriors followed and watched with eyes dark with hatred as the cruel whips fell.

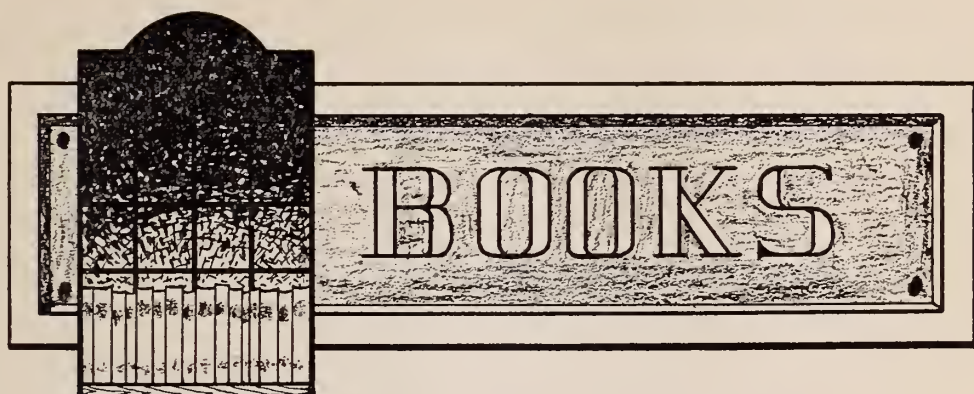
Slowly the sun sank into the depths of forest, and once more the moon rose in its glory. The darkness fell softly, drowsily over the camp of the slave traders; and the sentry, in white burnoose,

leaned heavily upon his long rifle listening to the dreamy splashing of the river and the murmuring hum of insects. Then came a twang as of a plucked harp and the Arab stumbled forward clutching at his throat where bubbled the life blood about a steel-tipped shaft driven with all the power of a long-bow.

No other sound—no yells or savage dancing, just the whisper of the arrow; and as the men gather about the fallen, there comes another well drawn bow shaft and another whispering arrow, 'til the men's nerves are as bow-strings stretched and ready for the snapping, 'til they fire their guns at shadows, and the men within the forest ply the sudden deadly arrow, never hit by any bullet.

So it goes until one Arab crouching in the center of a ring of fallen comrades is all that is left of the slave train. A crouching, gibbering thing staring madly at the forest waiting for the silent arrow which was never coming—a shivering, foaming thing which runs madly down the trail with the flesh of his back contracting as if before a blow. One left of all the many, while in the glade among the bodies stand the warriors; and in their arms their loved ones. And in the moonlight sits a giant with a drum between his knees; a drum which peals forth victory in a rising rhythmic cadence, and the warriors stop and listen as they bow their heads in reverence to the moon, their heavenly father.

Far away a lion crouches and lifts his head from feasting, to listen to the drum beat—in his jaws the blood stained fragments of a fallen Arab's garment—and the drum beats on and on, and the jungle is still.



SWAN SONG

By John Galsworthy

A fitting ending for the Forsyte Saga. In the death of Loames the old order has completely passed. It is interesting to note the fate element attached to the circumstances leading to Soame's death. The beginning of Soame's troubles had been his forcing of himself upon Irene. This had led to Bossiney's death and the family feud which kept young Jolyon and Fleur apart despite their love for each other. The end of the Saga is brought about as a result of Fleur's forcing herself upon Jolyon, that is Soame's daughter forcing herself upon Irene's son and Soames himself dies as an indirect result of this action. The inevitable business transactions are present, this time a scheme for electrifying the London slums is the big deal. The picture galleries play their usual important role and Soames is actually killed by a picture while attempting to prevent Fleur from being killed. It adds to one's respect for Loames to discover him committing a reckless act and it is well he died when he did for he might have taken out some kind of insurance against that sort of thing is he had recovered. *Swan Song* is in some respects the best of the series of books which relate the history of the Forsyte's and makes a worthy finale to an interesting novel sequence.

THE AGE OF REASON

By Sir Philip Gibbs

PROFESSOR Hesketh Jerningham, prophet extraordinary of the Age of Reason, marries the daughter of an Anglican cleric and these twain with Viola and Cyril, children of the professor by a former marriage, are the chief characters in this interesting novel. Viola and Cyril were brought up in accordance with the professors advanced views and at first shock Margaret, their step-mother, nearly to death by their amodstey and total lack of conventionality.

Margaret's brother Guy falls in love with Viola but Viola has been so well grounded in material science that she is capable of no greater love than love of experiment. They experiment and Guy, an idealist, comes back shorn of ideals and shoots himself. Viola takes on a new experiment.

Cyril falls in love with his stepmother, who is very little older than he and influenced perhaps by that softening impulse, forsakes the teaching of his father at least far enough to observe the conventions in his relations with his father's wife.

A rejuvenating operation on the father of Professor Jerningham, some views of an ultra-fashionable parson, the return to Romanism of self tortured Anglican curate, and several good discussions of modern youth and 20th century trends

round out the work and sustain interest. It is hard to point out an indisputable aim on the part of the author but perhaps there is as much of an inclination to preach a dualism of material and spiritual values as any other real aim. The curate however believes complete surrender to the spiritual will satisfy his mind and soul best, Gury seeks the answer in suicide, Cyril in Christianity and Margaret is left in mid-air. A pleasant afternoon's reading may be had here at any rate.

"POINT COUNTER POINT"

By Aldous Huxley

ALDOUS Huxley, grandson of the famous Thomas Huxley, has, in "Point Counter Point" given us a novel which has been called by eminent critics, the "tragic masterpiece of a generation." The Literary Guild made "Point Counter Point" its selection for October and already over one hundred thousand book-buyers have read and discussed it with pleasure and profit. Huxley's theme which is a manifestation of modern English life may be summed up in these lines:—

"Oh, wearisome conditions of humanity!
Born under one law, to another bound,
Vainly begot and yet forbidden vanity:
Created sick, commanded to be sound.
What meaneth Nature by these diverse
laws—

Passion and reason, self-divisions cause?

Most of the modern writing consists of bad novels, insignificant biographies, "imbecile systems of philosophy, platitudinous moralizings, and loving books of travel, so vulgar and so silly that to read them is to feel ashamed for the whole human race." After such books which are inadvertently thrust upon innocent people, it is like a light in the dark to find something really good between the two covers of a modern book and "Point

Counter Point" does contain something good, something to think about, something to feed upon, something to give us a sense of satisfaction and pleasure. We find sociology, psychology, philosophy, economics, biology, politics, art, religion, and literature all given some attention in such a way that we do not realize we are students of these subjects; that we do not have the feeling come upon us that we are studying a text book, a text book of life. The author is a dragoman, an Aviadne and the reader is Theseus following her thread through a labyrinth of modern thought and expression.

There is a continuous story in "Point Counter Point" but it does not end; it merely goes so far and stops. Elinor's boy dies, Everard Webley, the self-styled leader of the people is murdered, Spandrell, the murderer, "gets religion," gives himself up to the authorities and suddenly the story stops. The very ending is symbolic of the continuity of life. Huxley's style is impressionistic, vivid, and at times ratiocinative. He is clever in the use of extraordinary and yet pleasing, polysyllabic words which give the reader a vivid, exact picture of what the author is trying to show us.

Huxley's characters are a creation all his own. He takes time out when he introduces a new character, in order to show all there is to be manifested about the character. His mediums are both action and description. He gives us John Bidlake, the forty-seven year old artist, a lusty sensualist who has relations with more women than can be counted on the fingers of both hands. One of his women is Lady Edward, wife of one of the most distinguished biologists in all England..

Lord Edward is a great man physically, and an intellectual giant but in love affairs he is like a child. Bidlake, and his son Walter, who inherits his father's lewdness, are the principal characters,

most of whom are of the upper class socially. We have the artist groups, the writer group, politicians, scientists, editors, militarists, and just plain social butterflies and syncophants, all giving us their philosophies of life, and an insight into their ways of living.

Huxley has written a truly great novel, direct, not padded, vivid, and above all, human. I recommend "Point Counter Point" as a liberal education and a source of pleasant and true-to-life reading for anyone who is interested in getting an insight into the affairs of the other half of humanity.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

By Stephen Vincent Benet

ALTHOUGH the memory of the Civil War still rankles in the soul of the South and in the North still may be found vestiges of a feeling et has created a work that will appeal of moral superiority the genius of Benet has created a work that will appeal to partizans of both sections as a magnificent account in verse of the greatest crisis our country has ever faced. As an epic poem, "John Brown's Body" is unequalled by anything in American literature and for magnitude of subject is comparable to Hard's "The Dynasts." One obtains from ready this poem a more just and comprehensive concept of the issues at stake and the forces involved in that crucial struggle.

The title is well chosen for although the incident with which John Brown was directly concerned is entirely closed by the end of the first section of the poem

the atmosphere with which the poet envelops the incident permeates the whole work. Repeition as a device for emphasis was never better employed than in the passages which close the section on John Brown.

The characters are sympathetically shown throughout. Lee is not less generously portrayed than is Lincoln and Grant not less than Davis. The leading characters are Jack Ellyat and Clay Wingate. One is a New England puritan the other a Georgian aristocrat. Only an artist's tact and a great artist's consummate skill could work with two such opposed characters and treat them without bias and yet allow each to represent the extremes from which they were chosen. Jack Ellyat coming from New England represents that section of the North where the resentment against the South ran highest. Clay Wingate is the epitome of Southern aristocracy, haughty and indomitable. He came from the state which perhaps suffered most in the war. It is impossible to discover any trace of partizanship on the author's part yet both cases are strongly presented.

There are many passages of lyric beauty and some dramatic scenes destined to live long in the reader's memory. At times the author's frankness in portrayals and frequently his choice of words are startling but never distressing. It is not a tea pot tempest he is describing and the men and forces involved transcend conventionalities in terms. High spots are well distributed throughout but if any part excels it is that which comes first up to and through the John Brown incident.

HORACE MODERNIZED

"Quid fles, Asterie"

1. The Absent Lover, to his Asterie:

They tell me that you weep, my dear,
I'm glad to hear 'tis so;
For otherwise I'd fall, I fear—
My hostess wants a beau.

2. Horace to Asterie:

Fear not that he unfaithful is—
He's simply had tough weather;
For though a wench says she'll be his,
He's yours—will be forever.

3. The Handsome Neighbor to Asterie:

He's far away—he's with some girl,
With him you do not rate;
You've put me in an awful whirl,
Come on! How 'bout a date?

4. Asterie:

Friend Horace tells me that you're true,
My neighbor claims you're not.
I must confess I'm awfully blue,
I do like him a lot.

He's very nice! He has lovely hair!
His arms are made of steel!
If you don't come straight home from there,
Those arms of his I'll feel.

Each morn, each noon, and every night,
My neighbor pleads with me.
He says, "please dear, put out the light,
"Let me your lover be.

Come back my love, come back to me!
So many things they say;
If you still want your Asterie,
Start back this very day!

W. L. Goudy.



ALTHOUGH casts have been changed, and from all reports the second one being just as competent as the first, whose rendition this writer was impressed with forcibly last June, *STRANGE INTERLUDE* continues as an unabated success. This is sufficient evidence that none of the once suspected drawbacks—nine acts and the grim pauses for inner revelation of dynamic thought—are distasteful to the curiously alert, novelty hunting theater public. In fact these widely heralded aspects of the play have done more perhaps than anything else to create the feeling of curiosity that you encounter wherever you mention the play. It also explains why touring companies are already in preparation; as a result it appears that the story of Nina Leeds will be known from coast to coast, and the great masses will be told why three men are better than one.

Admitting that the oddities of the play have caught the public's attention, there is another reason, I believe, for the tremendous furore that the play has aroused. Along with the wild and inane remarks that people are likely to make goes an acknowledgement that *Strange Interlude* does give an experience that they like to think of as exciting.

Why should it?

In the first place, there is plenty of melodrama in the situations that are unfolded in the play; that is, modernized melodrama. A strange tension is always present on the stage, and as old problems dissolve in the life of Nina Leeds, new ones arise to produce new crises in her life and in the lives of her three men. Not only that, but certain interests are kept going throughout; for instance, there is the love of Charlie for Nina, a love which is never finally realized until the last act. So all the way through there are never perceptible letdowns: instead consequences follow on conflicts and decisions that resolve themselves into new problems. Now the fact that everything occurring on the stage is crucial and momentous and that this usually takes the form of some vital mental agitation, since it is always more or less psychic in character (witness the asides: positive, even violent expressions of existing mental states), makes it somewhat clearer why I have termed it modernized melodrama.

If you realize, then, that the average spectator is never in a passive state throughout all of *Strange Interlude*, you may wonder just why they should be so exercised at this story. To this I should say that the play offers such an immediacy of interest, there is so strong a

feeling that the story is contemporaneous and so little dependent for its validity on special issues, that the average spectator takes it more to heart than he would the average play. It is not average entertainment on some theme of contemporary life: gunmen, bootleggers, or reporters; night hostesses, prize fights, or harlotry—where one observes certain things he has heard about but never experienced, portrayed. And there is also nothing of the feeling that this is an expose about the play. Instead there is present here the general form of appreciation that is associated more with the novel than with the stage. Characters that appear in so many acts lose the stage presence air and become characters dissociated from the stage; and we have for them the same feeling that we have for characters abstracted from their settings in the greater novels. Although it is by no means the same, there is a separation from the footlights and an inward taking to oneself of characters here, that sets off *Strange Interlude* from any other recent play and gives it the aspect of an actualized novel. That is pleasant and delightful. It seems to me that there is no point in criticising *Strange Interlude* for its approaches to the novel, if it gives more satisfaction to the spectator by non-observance of certain conventions, where rigid adherence would deprive it of life. In the hands of an incapable cast *Strange Interlude* might suffer in our estimation. Since the final effectiveness of a play depends upon the acting, no criticism can be leveled at the play on these grounds, for it certainly has been definitely proved that the play 'goes' on the stage: one should rather ask whether some one else might not make more of the technique than Eugene O'Neill.

The least praise then must be some credit, this power it has of arousing and keeping one's interest throughout. As to

its truth and final excellence as a play, I make no judgment. The strain at times is unnatural, the over-emphasis on certain phases of character too deliberate, and the appearance of certain events a little incredible; all these criticisms may be made with some reasonable basis. What I consider to be a more just criticism is the question of the validity of one of the fundamental ideas in the play: the effect on Nina Leeds of her constant illusion, or delusion, about her sweetheart who was killed in the war. It wears thin and there is a suspicion that its effect on such an otherwise intelligent person as Nina is implausible. But this point and others require more space and study; be they as they may, I too can assure you that *Strange Interlude* offers a deeply moving and exciting evening in the theater.

OLYMPIA

OLYMPIA, the latest comedy of Ferenc Molnar is not as amusing or as original as some of his earlier plays, but it is blessed with brilliant acting. This saves the play, as far as I am concerned, and indeed gives it much more verity and style than otherwise it would appear to have. The play has the strange deficiency of being in some ways sourly, not aptly, satirical, yet requiring an extreme amount of sincere and clever acting before it becomes stageworthy at all. The story is about an Austrian court family before the war, whose idolatry of the Emperor has forced the young and beautiful daughter to hold her natural feelings in severe check and to devote all her charms to keep the family in the good graces of the Emperor. At a summer resort the Princess Olympia's mother finds a young Austrian captain of low birth diverting company—he is a good bridge player; and later on the Princess discovers that he is good at making love. However, when the mother and the Prin-

cess discover that they have been talked about and this being tantamount to a discretion in the eyes of the Emperor, they dismiss Captain Kovacks; or rather the Princess humiliates him with her magnificent fury after he has declared his love. Since he is rather fiery himself, he decides to wreak a little revenge upon the Princess. The rest of the play details his intrigue and its amusing consequences.

Altogether it is an inconsequent, trite, comic opera plot, only saved by a degree of surprisingly clever and skillful character individualization and a certain number of oily lines, the opportunity for which Molnar is ever skillful at opening. The last act as a whole redeems the second, which is full of a large amount of gush and operetta hysteria. By that I refer to certain love scenes where the Princess discovers that the captain is a beautiful brigand and the captain discovers that the Princess is something just as euphonious. Only a great actress could have made the Princess Olympia so sincere and charming, but Fay Compton accomplishes just this. Superbly beautiful, sufficiently regal yet capable of portraying touching pathos and agitation at times, she is always attractive—and her alternation between bitterness and tenderness is more convincing of real earnestness in her part than in any of the other actors. Ian Hunter, the Captain Kovacks, has the proper figure for a lover of Princess, but there is never a suggestion of peasant ancestry in his acting. There is something awfully like a matinee idol too in his manner. Laura Hope Crews as Olympia's mother has an almost uncanny grasp on the part; it is remarkable the way that she makes the unexpectedness of some of her remarks so in keeping with the character. Arnold Korff, who takes the part of Olympia's father, although he appears

only in the last act, does as brilliant and completely individualized a piece of acting as I have ever witnessed in a brief portrayal. The play must thank the acting if it has a success—it cannot be considered a literary success for Molnar.

MACBETH

By William Shakespeare

MARGARET Anglin's masterly interpretation of the sleep walking scene makes worthwhile a visit to the Craig, Ross, Taylor revival of William Shakespeare's tragedy, "Macbeth." After the banquet scene falls short it develops upon Miss Anglin to "save the show" as it were, in her soliloquy. She does so, and it is regrettable that the play cannot end with her curtain. For the last scenes are what the writer would call "punk" if reporting them to an acquaintance instead of writing of them in a staid journal such as this. Lyn Harding as Macbeth scurrying about the battlement, vainglorious because of the witches' prophecy, is quite a pathetic figure. The stage direction of the fighting scenes is very mediocre, and the duel between Macduff and the usurping king leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The playgoer enroute home tries to remember only Miss Anglin's genius and the settings, especially those in the cavern scenes. Mr. Harding is not altogether bad in his role. In the first act he suggests Shylock more than he does a Scottish lord, but in his scenes with Miss Anglin she forces him to play up to her. William Farnum as Banquo and Banquo's ghost is better dead than alive. A commendable feature of the entire production is the enunciation which is an improvement over most modern Shakespearean productions. As a final word: there is altogether too much melodrama even for a Shakespearean tragedy.

EARLY MORNING

Upon the grass, still glistening with the dew
Faint, silvered mist diaphanously sways,
And on the chapel walls, as if it knew
Them from old fellowships, it gently lays
Caressing hands. Close by, the maple trees
Are trembling in the wind. They, too, caress
The tower, limned in gray, as one who sees
Long friendship, peace and quiet tenderness.

Here Beauty is, here safe from all the world,
And sheltered from the hordes who soon begin
The day. And Wisdom, too, lies in this pearly
Mist—Wisdom finer than the scholars win,
And Happiness there is—that all men miss
Not all tomorrow will bring more than this.

Marvin Sidney, '29.

PYRRHIC VICTORY

When silently each scarlet thread has paled
To gray, and every silver cord is rent,
And all the hills we've roamed and seas we've sailed
Are desolate, and all the coin is spent
Wherewith we bought from life a flaming flight
Beyond the stars, there will come other days.
There will come bitter days, without respite
From hopelessness and pain, 'till time allays
Our puerile bickerings. Then Death, the last
Gaunt scavenger may take his wretched pawn.
But we, who freely, strongly—glad to cast
Our youth to youth—have laughed down time and gone
To lie with worms, will win! Though we be dead,
Death takes the crusts—our hands have held the bread.

Marvin Sidney, '29.

LEHIGH'S PSEUDO-REPRESENTATIVE BODY

By R. E. ImHof

This essay was awarded first prize by Omicron Delta Kappa last year in its annual Freshman Theme Contest.

THE students' activities fee, which was sponsored by Omicron Delta Kappa and unanimously recommended to the faculty by the Arcadia last year had been defeated at the March meeting of the faculty on the grounds that the Arcadia is not truly representative of the student body, and, therefore, does not interpret student opinion. In one of its editorials, the "Brown and White" inquired, "If the Arcadia is not representative of the student body, what is?" At a later meeting of the faculty, the activities fee was given the necessary approval, but the question concerning the representativeness of the Arcadia remained unsettled. To be strictly correct, the answer to that question is that Lehigh has no equally representative student governing body. Arcadia is just a poor excuse for one. Of the forty seniors who represent the students in the Arcadia, thirty-seven are elected by the various living groups and represent from twenty to thirty men each. There are twenty-nine fraternity delegates, who represent approximately six hundred men, and eight dormitory men, who represent about two hundred men. The remainder of the student body, approximately seven hundred men, are allowed to elect three men to represent them. It is evident that a governing body in which eight hundred men have thirty-seven votes while seven hundred men have only three votes may certainly not be called representative, no matter how we may stretch our imaginations. It should be especially noted that the six hundred fraternity men, who compose a little more than a third of the Lehigh student body,

have twenty-nine of the forty votes in the Arcadia. It must be admitted that fraternity men usually show more spirit and interest in school activities than non-fraternity men. However, if the Arcadia is to enjoy any real significance or receive recognition from the faculty, every student must be represented in it.

When the students registered in September, they were required to pay to the bursar an activities fee of four dollars. The activities fee was designed to distribute the expenses of class operations, of the Lehigh Union, of the Arcadia, and of the Brown and White over the entire student body, instead of having the burden rest upon a conscientious few. Under this plan, the Arcadia received fifty cents from every student. It is fair to compel a man to pay for something he does not receive? Will the downtown man be justified in crying, "Taxation without representation is tyranny?" If the downtown men were organized, they could easily send a delegation to represent them in the Arcadia. It might be a good plan to divide the entire downtown group into sections of thirty men each with members of each class in each section. If every man not in a fraternity or dormitory were a member of a downtown section, about twenty-five new groups of students would be formed. The entire student body would then be divided into approximately equal groups, and every man in college would be a member of an active group of students. Each of these sections would elect a senior to head the section, and this senior would represent the group in the Arcadia, as is now the custom in the exist-

ing living groups. A schedule of meetings might be arranged so that each downtown section could meet in Drown Hall at regular intervals. It is scarcely necessary to add that such a plan would be exceedingly helpful in orienting the incoming freshmen, who would be assigned to a section upon registering. The regular section meetings would certainly serve to promote a feeling of good fellowship among the students.

It is an indisputable fact that Lehigh will never have a representative student governing body until all the students are represented in it, and until all the students are represented, their whole-hearted cooperation and spirit in college activities may not be hoped for. No well organized American community would allow a government to exist in which only half the people were represented. Why, then, should presumably intelligent college men be content with such an arrangement? As a matter of fact, the students, as well as the faculty, are dissatisfied with the present system. This is evident from the lack of interest in school affairs shown by the downtown men. Unless these men are allowed to have a hand in the student government, they will never have the proper Lehigh spirit. Up to the present time, organization of downtown men has not been possible because no one wished to tackle the job since it would require more time than one individual could devote to it.

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE FOR?

(Continued from Page 14)

um and the fraternity!

But there is one curious—almost startling—fact to be noted at this point: that, whereas the American parents who have any such object are few, the number of their sons and daughters who are seeking just this is large. The youngsters do not know the phrases, Arnold's or anybody

else's, but they have the impulse, a nebulous, unformulated ideal, a questing. In the following chapter I shall discuss this phenomenon at some length and shall propose a tentative explanation of it. Here it must suffice to set it down and mark it.

And so we have the third social purpose of the college, existing in the communal mind today, surviving only occasionally in the parental portion of society, but quite frequently felt, and I believe spreading, among the much-discussed Younger Generation; namely, the transmission of culture—of knowledge and beauty and understanding, and of a delight in these things and in their uses in the world.

Well, given these three assorted social purposes, what are we going to make of them?

"Oh, yes," the reader may say, "I know what comes next. He will dismiss the first two with a few elaborate academic sarcasms and maintain that only the culture purpose is worthy of consideration."

A quite natural suspicion! But the reader will be mistaken in this case. I hold no such narrow view. I am prepared to assert vigorously that all three of the objectives I have described are valid, worthy, and creditable—that every one of them represents a real and serious social need, which ought to be fully met.

Certainly I can never disparage the bread-and-butter motive—not after the long procession I have faced of earnest fathers and mothers, ready to do "anything," to scant themselves, not luxuries, but food and clothes, to give up savings, insurance, and needed medical attention, in order to afford their boys and girls a better start in this world than they themselves had. It is tremendous, heroic, this well-nigh universal aspiration of the lower

economic classes in this country to set their children's feet on the road to that success which they in their own lives have missed; success meaning, concretely, money, and the pleasures, security, and prestige which money brings. To this end they are willing to deprive themselves of the few pleasures and the little security they might otherwise enjoy in their own persons.

A base materialistic aspiration? Materialistic, perhaps; but I will not agree to base. No altruism is base, and this ambition is for their children—a narrow, primitive altruism, no doubt; but the foundation, probably, of all other unselfishness. Moreover, their desire is not in the end wholly materialistic. It is the comfortably well-to-do who speak scornfully of materialism in connection with money. In this matter I go wholly with Dr. Johnson and Samuel Butler and George Gissing.

"You tell me," says Gissing (in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*), "that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost—those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has claim—because of poverty! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year; sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation, arising from inability to do the things I wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me; endless instances of homely pleasure and contentment curtailed or forbidden by narrow means."

The parents with whom I talk could not have said that. But they have had

experience not unlike Gissing's, and have learned with him that, not physical comforts only, but the mental and spiritual graces, have a price; that he who would possess virtue and intelligence—"sweetness and light," if you like—must pay for them with cash and a good deal of it. It is at bottom some sense of this which makes these parents so keen that John shall become an engineer and Helen a high school teacher.

It may, indeed, be argued that the bread-and-butter purpose does not deserve public financial support through taxes and philanthropy. This vocational ambition on the part of certain parents and their children, however laudable, is after all individualistic and selfish. We may applaud a family eagerness to get ahead in the second generation; let them succeed, by all means, if they can! But why should funds be contributed from the general stock to further the private success of particular individuals?

But I should not agree even to this. The young people in question are, of course, working for their own hand when they take vocational courses in college or in professional schools; but incidentally they are preparing themselves for much more useful service to society than they could otherwise be expected to render. This increment of serviceability is, it seems to me, a sufficient reason why society should encourage them to the extent of contributing free or partially free instruction; the young people and their parents do their full part, and pay for whatever differential advantage they obtain, by standing the much greater expense of maintenance during the training period.

But how about the superkindergarten purpose? Do I seriously maintain that that object is valid and worthy? If a rich man's son has no particular brains,

no real intellectual interests, why should he go to college, just because he can afford it and does not know what else to do? And why should the alternative be that he must knock about some big city with his pocket full of money? His father should cut off his allowance and put him to work like anybody else.

Well, that is easy to say; but in practice it simply is not—practicable. And if you were a father with plenty of money, you would know it is not. I am not myself such a father, but I have talked with enough of those who are to appreciate the reality and seriousness of their problem.

Moreover, I am even better acquainted with a considerable number of the young people in question. Very charming boys and girls—well-nourished, of course; well-dressed; usually well-mannered (in spite of loud rumors to the contrary); with a presence, bearing, and address, and often with a gift of persuasive speech, which are admirable. It may be they are expensive social parasites; from the stern standpoint of economics I suppose they are; but after all they are human youngsters too. It is not their fault that they have more money than is good for them, and no more brains than most other people—in other words, not enough for high scholarship. We cannot expect that all of them will be intellectually gifted, just because Dad has cleaned up in Wall Street; Nature does not manage things so well as that.

I am not, of course, suggesting the opposite: that all or most of the children of the well-to-do are brainless. On the contrary, it has been pretty definitely established that the higher, and the very high, economic classes produce a number of gifted children which is proportionately very large. But with the gifted, from whatever economic level, we are not concerned in connection with the super-

kindergarten purpose.

What are we to do with the inevitably numerous exceptions—the young men with sleek hair, wide trousers, coonskin coats, hip flasks, and Pierce-Arrows, in short, with all the qualifications for college except brains—and their sisters? They are all dressed up and have no place else to go to. I defy you to name any other institution or kind of place which is prepared to receive them and take care of them. In short, there is a real social need here, and a need with practically unlimited funds and influence behind it to demand and secure its satisfaction.

The practical upshot of the matter is that these young gentlemen (and their sisters) are coming to college, to be taken care of for four years more or less; and furthermore that they ought to be much better taken care of than they are at present. For under the system of private ownership and practically unrestricted inheritance these young people, in spite of their personal (intellectual) mediocrity, will in a few years succeed to places of large social and financial power in our American life. It is important, therefore, for the welfare of the general community, no less than for the sake of the boys and girls themselves and their parents, that the very best that can be done for them should be done.

If, however, we should be called upon to consider here a question parallel to that which I raised in connection with the bread-and-butter purpose, namely, as to whether these superkindergarten facilities should be provided at public expense, the answer, it seems to me, must be flatly in the negative. It is little better than absurd that our citizens in general should tax themselves to set up the expensive milieu, and operate the expensive system of games and other diversions, needed to carry these scions of the wealthy safely and reputably through the pleasant days

of their post-adolescence; and to devote to this end funds bequeathed by pious donors "for the advancement of learning" comes perilously near to being a breach of trust. The college must take care of these "students," but there is no reason why it should be supported, in this part of its work, either by taxes or by gifts. These young men and women are well able to pay fees which should not only cover all the expenses of their tutelage but should also yield a profit to the corporation—as actually happens at present in the case of the private secondary schools which shelter the earlier years of the same group.

Please compare the opinion to this same effect expressed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in an address reported in the New York Times of June 16, 1927. In the course of his address Mr. Rockefeller said:

"Today the majority of the students go to college for a good time, for social considerations, or to fit themselves to earn money. The idea of service to the community is no longer the chief consideration. It would seem, therefore, that under these changed conditions the student might properly be expected to pay for the benefits he receives."

As for the culture purpose: if it were only for the parents of my acquaintance, I should be tempted to say that this purpose is rapidly becoming obsolete, and might well be disregarded in any broad and dispassionate study of the modern college. But it is my privilege, in my present work, to have daily conversations with young men which convince me that this purpose is recrudescing in the newer generation, and is still, therefore, a thing to be reckoned with.

(This article will be continued in the next issue.)

FOR A CHILD AND A STREET LAMP

Are you annoyed by corner lamps at night,
That you would dim their unromantic glare
And kill their haughty, rather curious light
With bits of brick and other earthenware?

Does night then find romance in alleyways
Repressed and deadened by the mawkish heat
Of corner lamps that send their yellow rays
In places otherwise much more discreet?

Child, drop that brick and let the arc-lamp be—

Do not destroy the corner meteor!!

Indeed, you are too young, it seems to me,
To know exactly what the dark is for.

Gabriel M. Ondeck, '30.

LEHIGH'S FOOTBALL PAST

(Continued from Page 10)

years have passed since the prodigious yet exceedingly quick Trafton cavorted on the greensward, but he is still considered the peer of all Lehigh guards. He was not solely a great bulwark on defense and a bearcat at opening holes in opposing lines; like many of the old-timers he figured in another role, that of ball-carrier on the guards back formation of the caveman era, and he was a hard man to bring to earth.

The next six years saw only three captains and relatively few victories. Trafton led the '94 and '95 outfits. His '94 team is credited with wins from Rutgers, Swarthmore, Carlisle Indians, N. Carolina and Lafayette, but it also dropped one to the Maroon. Rutgers was the only major opponent defeated in '95. Okeson, a P. G. in 1895, Gunsolus and Thurston played these two years, and several other Lehigh luminaries blossomed forth. They are Johnny Gass, a big, fearless quarter, "Fatty" Baldwin, a husky and capable guard, and Jim Holderness, who alternated at quarter and full.

Lehigh's first football coach was S. H. Thompson, who assumed the responsibility in 1899. Prior to this the players had relied on student mentors, upper-classmen who were experienced in the game and proud wearers of the "L." Thompson lasted one year; he has had eleven successors, the first of which was Okeson, whose 1900 team, captained by Gearhart, was an improvement over its immediate predecessor. "Okey" beat Bucknell, Rutgers, Haverford, and Swarthmore, but could not alter the Lafayette situation. One of the most calamitous seasons was that of 1901. John Fuller, halfback, was captain and Dr. J. W. H. Pollard coach. Of the twelve teams met, only Haverford was con-

quered and most of the games showed double figure scores.

Fortune smiled on Lehigh once again in 1902 and 1903, the years that Andy Farabaugh led the team on the field. Another coach, the first to stick at the task longer than a year, made his appearance. He was Dr. S. B. Newton whose '02 and '03 squads registered fifteen wins, two defeats and two ties. In 1902 the practice of playing two games with the Maroon annually was dropped; so Lehigh did the next best thing possible by winning the single encounter with the Eastonians. By trimming Rutgers too the Middle Three championship was clinched, but although Lafayette was again beaten the following year, Lehigh could not claim the tri-school title because the Jersey collegians were not on the schedule. Only Princeton, Penn and Dickinson won from Lehigh in those days when the star of Bethlehem was in ascendancy, and the imposing list of vanquished included N. Y. U. Union, Virginia, Georgetown and Villanova by a 71-0 count. The Farabaugh brothers, Andy and Lou, both halfbacks, were the spark plugs in those scoring machines, and their contemporaries of note, all linemen, were "Rabbit" Roger Waters, Dornin, J. C. Landefeld and W. W. Brush.

A change in coaching brought Byron Dickinson to Lehigh in 1906. He broke even his first season with Frank Troutman as captain, but made good in the Panic year. In 1907 relations were commenced with Muhlenberg, Lehigh winning the first game 29-0. Troutman, H. N. Lloyd, and Al Black were on the line with Olcott, and there were two first-class backs, Andy Brumbaugh, a great line-plunging full, and Clarence Aman, a fleet and shifty half who held the college hurdling records and captained the track squad twice.

"Bosey" Reiter's advent at Lehigh was in 1910. He had been an all-American at Princeton in the late '90's; his exploits are not yet forgotten, for he occupies a fourth team halfback berth on the all-time roster of Nassau gridiron luminaries. Besides acting as physical director, he assumed the coaching responsibility. As Al Black, captain-elect, did not return to college, Lawson acted in that capacity. There was not much material and consequently the season was more a failure than a success. "Doc" Wylie was captain in 1911, "Bosey's" second year here, and three new men in the class of 1914 proved outstanding. They were Pat Pazzetti, Hefty Bill Bailey and George Flick, the former, a transfer from Wesleyan, baseball captain, and all-American quarterback, is perhaps with the exception of "Okey" Lehigh's most widely known athlete, and Bailey was an exceptional weight man in track, in which sport he was captain, as well as a stellar guard and a varsity wrestler. Five wins, an equal number of defeats and a tie against his Alma Mater constitutes the record of the boys that Bosey taught to fight.

That Keady-coached, Pazzetti-propelled eleven lost only two contests of an eleven-game schedule, scoring 222 points to 72 for their combined opposition. They lost to Princeton 35-0 and to the Carlisle Indians, boasting the presence of the great Jim Thorpe in one of the most thrilling exhibitions of open football ever witnessed here. Pat actually rivalled Thorpe in brilliance that day, his passing which led up to the two touchdowns being particularly noteworthy. Earlier in the season Lehigh had given the Annapolis midshipmen their first defeat in three years, and a field goal by Pazzetti ended Swarthmore's hopes for an undefeated season. Close victories over Muhlenberg and Lafayette clinched the Valley title.

In 1913 Keady won five, topping both Lafayette and Muhlenberg again, but lost to Yale, Navy and Carlisle even though he did have practically all his 1912 regulars but Pazzetti in addition to Crichton, basketball captain.

Keady continued his success for Lehigh in 1914 when his team won eight out of nine games, losing only to Yale, 20-3. F. and M., the Indians, Muhlenberg, Johns Hopkins, Penn State, Villanova and Lafayette were trimmed in succession, and State on its own field. Most vivid perhaps in the minds of those who intimately followed Lehigh's fortunes that fall in the game with Tech on "Charlie Taylor Day." A trustee of both institutions, he was present to see his munificent gift to his Alma Mater, Taylor Stadium and Gymnasium, christened with a 24-20 Lehigh triumph after a sensational see-saw struggle in which long runs and longer passes predominated. Captain Hoban, Sawtelle, and Cahall were conspicuous for the home team. Billy Cahall it was who had the distinction of being the leading field goal kicker in the country with nine three-pointers to his credit, and Cahall it was who "made" Camp's second all-American as right halfback. Sawtelle was all-Pennsylvania end, and George Ostrom was all-State guard. Tate, Chenoweth, Bill Maginnes, Bill Halsted, and Grumbach, shotput record holder and giant guard whom Austy Tate played next to for four years and whom he regards as worthy of making a mythical all-time all-America, were also on that team.

The team which Austy captained the next year won five of nine but lost to Lafayette and W. and J. by clear-cut margins and to Yale 7-6 and State 7-0. They held the Indian sign on the Carlisle Redskins and evened the series. In Tate's supporting cast were Cahall, Sawtelle, Chenoweth, Halsted, Maginnes, Ostrom, J. Keady and Grumbach. It was Saw-

telle's last year, and he, the 158-pound wrestler and mighty atom of the gridiron who had missed catching but two passes in four years, received all-American mention. Little Chenoweth, baseball captain and successor to Pazzetti as field general, had a big year; it has been said of him that "he could slide past tacklers as a greased pig slithers through the rustics at a country fair."

When a Lehigh team can score almost at will against the best Lafayette has to offer, it is generally regarded in a favorable light. The 1917 combination that Keady fielded put itself in the lime-light. Not only did it conclude a season marked by seven victories and two defeats, at the hands of Pitt and Georgetown, by threatening the very foundations of the College Hill as a result of the 78-0 landslide which it perpetrated, but it also added the scalps of Penn State and Muhlenberg and with the latter victory landed the Valley honors. It was Halsted's privilege to be captain that year, and Maginnes, Wysocki, Spagna, McCarthy and Herrington were his co-stars. Herrington, Maginnes, Wysocki and Halsted composed a "backfield comparable to any in the country," according to critics, and the first named was mentioned for all-America.

Even though many Lehigh undergraduates left college in 1918 to enter the service, enough of the minors remained behind to do their battling on the gridiron. Besides a lack of material, the "flu" epidemic and the conflict of practice hours with S. A. T. C. drill combined to make Keady's coaching problem difficult. Two linemen loomed large above their fellows on that Wysocki team, Joe Spagna, flashiest tackle ever to represent the school, and "Hymie" Goldman, light but scrappy center, Spagna was a lethal opponent when aroused from his natural lethargy and he has since further proved his class against the

best professional competition as a member of the Frankford Yellow Jackets. That 1918 outfit lost to State by a point and to Rutgers but rolled up fifty-four points against Muhlenberg and seventeen against Lafayette. It was Valley champion and represents today after nine years of non-fruitation the vestige of Lehigh's lost gridiron power.

A successful forward pass in the last minute of play deprived Lehigh of a merited victory over the traditional foe in 1919, McDonald's year as captain. Even so the team won six of its nine games. Pitt and State won after hard-fought jousts, but Villanova, Rutgers, Muhlenberg and Carnegie, were included in the defeated column. That fall Tom Keady was mentioned as one of the six best coaches in the East, and Spagna, who had never been removed for injuries in four years, again earned all-America citation from Camp and was placed on second teams chosen by some writers.

Keady's immortality lies in his record. After an auspicious debut in 1912, he kept Lehigh in the front rank of the football file for nine years. Not one of his machines lost more games than it won, and four of his teams compiled as great records as any that ever represented the college. He beat Lafayette six out of nine times, and won fifty-two out of seventy-seven games, three of which resulted in ties. In addition he coached baseball fourteen seasons. Although a hard master, he was so non-partisan and so thorough a sportsman as to command the highest respect of all. In 1921 he rejected an offer to renew his contract for three years to accept a more lucrative position at the University of Vermont. For the last few years he has handled the teams of the Quantico Marines and has been active as an official.

Frank Glick, captain and back of the 1911 Princeton team, succeeded Keady.

Had he not made a gift of the Muhlenberg game to the Allentown folk, his record would be commendable. With a two-touchdown lead in the final quarter, he freely injected cold substitutes against whom the fighting Cardinal and Grey regulars tallied fourteen points which gave Muhlenberg by one point its first win in the eleven games played between the rival Valley schools. Glick's team was otherwise only defeated by three of the nation's best aggregations, by State, 28-7, by W. and J., 14-7 and by Lafayette, 28-6, and Jock Sutherland's Maroon troupe that year was one of the four undefeated teams in the country. Quarterback Harry Rote made that touchdown on a pass, and he is the last Lehigh man who has crossed the Leopard's goal line though six seasons have passed since 1921. Rutgers and West Virginia were the major opponents beaten, the game with the latter ending 21-14 after Larkin, Walter Camp's second choice end, caught a pass and with no interference at all zigzagged sixty-five yards for the winning touchdown, one of the most spectacular runs ever reeled off in Taylor Stadium. Squatty Bill Hoffman, the physical antithesis of Trafton but his running mate as first team all-time guard, Bob Adams, a freshman end, Captain Ray McCarthy, and Jack Storer and "Poss" Greer, an effective yearling forward pass combination, excelled.

Jim Baldwin, Dartmouth, '07, football, basketball and baseball mentor for three years, developed only a mediocre eleven in 1922. But inspired by their captain, Cusick, a slashing lineman who was regularly called back to get off sixty-yard punts, they held all their opponents but Colgate to low scores, and held Lafayette, which had won eighteen of nineteen games and of course was the topheavy favorite, scoreless for fifty-seven minutes. With three minutes remaining, Brunner, leading scorer in the East who

once had worn the Brown and White against Lafayette, defeated his original Alma Mater with a field goal.

Bill Springsteen, the outstanding post-war pivot, was captain of the 1923 team which beat Gettysburg, Fordham, Muhlenberg, Carnegie, Alfred and Brown and tied Bucknell. Lafayette and Rutgers, each of which lost once that year, each defeated Baldwin's boys by ten points. A drop kick by "Honey" Lewin, who is known to present seniors, represents the only points scored by Lehigh against the Leopards in the past five years. Lingle, Greer, Hoffman, Storer, Jim Yeager, Fred Stephens, "Hoddy" Merrill and Ed Burke, brother of Tom Burke, last year's captain, were on that team.

Coincident with the coming of J. Thomas Keady came Lehigh's Football Renaissance. That was in 1912. Only three really strong teams had represented the little engineering college in two decades. During the nine years that Keady remained Lehigh received recognition as a power in football. Working on the foundation "Bosey" had established and accepting his advice as an active collaborator in coaching, Tom produced in his first season one of the most famous Brown and White elevens. Pazzetti was captain of that crackerjack outfit, and although he was only one star in a constellation, he shone singularly as does the evening star at dusk. Pat is Lehigh's only recognized full-fledged all-American. Walter Camp placed him in his second team, but thirteen of thirty-three football experts selected him as the outstanding quarterback of the year, and his closest rival in this consensus was the first choice of only six of the thirty-three. In his heyday, Pazzetti was more than a triple threat, for besides being a brilliant broken-field runner, a long-range punter and a deadly passer, he was also a canny tactician. Component parts of that 1912 backfield, which was dub-

bed "the wreck crew" even as sport writers attached the monicker, "The Four Horsemen" to the great Notre Dame quartet of 1924, were George Hoban who received all-American mention, Jim Keady, the coach's brother, and Flick. On the powerful line were the veterans, Bailey and Wylie, "Austy" Tate, a frosh "Wops" Bianco, all-Pennsylvania guard who also was mentioned for the all-America, and George Sawtelle, a star in his first year on the varsity.

The only disappointment during this year was the Lafayette game. Rutgers had swamped the Easton clan 43-7, and Lehigh entertained visions of her first undefeated season. The Lehigh team went to March Field, which resembled a marsh field, clearly outplayed their rivals even though they could not resort to their strong aerial attack because use of the weather, and lost 7-0.

Next was engaged at a fabulous salary in keeping with the modern trend Percy Wendell, a brilliant player who had won all-America honors three times while at Harvard and whose unusual record as a coach at Williams for three years presumably justified the expenditure. His was a three-year contract, and as it expired, Lehigh lost her prestige and suffered ignominy of defeat with monotonous regularity. Without exception the 1925, 1926 and 1927 seasons are the three most disastrous in Lehigh football history. There were only four inconsequential victories and three ties in twenty-seven games. Lafayette and even Muhlenberg snatched three straight at Lehigh's expense, and only the fact that Rutgers was in the doldrums herself enabled Lehigh to win two out of three hard-fought games with the Scarlet—the only major victories in three years.

Wendell began auspiciously enough

in 1925 in tying Gettysburg, 7-7, and then defeating Drexel, 38-0, West Virginia Wesleyan, 3-0, and Rutgers 7-0. The death of Charlie Prior, one of the most highly esteemed seniors, who had been fatally injured in the Wesleyan game, upset his teammates and they bowed in the five remaining contests, although they derived the satisfaction of a moral victory in holding Lafayette to a 14-0 score. I use the term "moral victory" advisedly, because Lafayette had lost only one game and that by one point and because she was lucky to score at all, which she managed to do by capitalizing two obvious "breaks." Before realizing the only victory of the 1926 season, the losing streak reached twelve. Then came 1927, devoid of victory and with two ties at the very start against St. John's and Ursinus as the only consolation.

Four players who first donned the Brown and White moleskins in these last two drab seasons deserve mention in any such epitome of Lehigh football history as this work pretends to be. Art Davidowitz, whose ball-carrying in the open field is reminiscent of Chenoweth, "Crittty" Zahnow, whose slashing game recalls. Hoban, and "Tubby" Miller, a valuable man in either the line or the backfield, can be classed already with Lehigh's stars of yesteryear.

This year Wendell is gone and in his stead is an enthused all-Lehigh coaching staff, composed of Tate, Hess and Goldman. Already "Austy" has won three games and one more victory will bring the total to the sum of his predecessor's three efforts. Lehigh is coming to again! No more apt expression of the situation can be made than the following words of the inimitable Trevor:

"Lehigh's gridiron fortunes are temporarily under a cloud, but the pendulum is sure to swing back before long. You can't keep the Lehigh spirit down.

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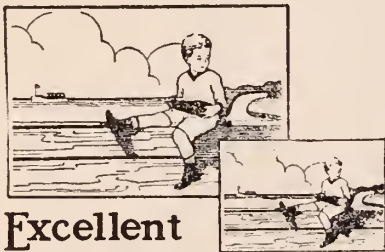
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